

### CAST OF CHARACTERS.

MARGARET GRAEME, social favorite, drops society to study law and becomes secretary to District Attorney Halloran JOHN LEONARD, explorer, en-

gaged to Margaret. CHARLES MOREHOUSE HAL LORAN, the district attorney EDWIN MARTEL, whose father has left his money to charity ELSIE DRAYTON, young artist,

engaged to Martel.

MRS. WIGGS, janitress of studio building in which Elsie lives.

#### EIGHTH STORY.

Margaret Graeme had amazed her friends by dropping out of the social

eccentric ways. Indeed, he had tolerated them in a half-amused fashion ever since he and she had been children together.

Then, too, he had new interests of his own, just then, that so absorbed him as leave little time or thought for lesser

The Explorers club, of which he was a member, was organizing an expedition into the unpopulated hinterlands of Brazil—an expedition which Leonard had largely financed and which he was to

Preparations for this six months' absence from New York engrossed his whole attention for weeks. At length all marry."

"I am the man you have promised to marry."

"I didn't know I was making that was ready, and his passage was booked."

"I didn't know I was making that was ready."

on a Brazil-bound steamer which was to sall at 2 a. m. on New Year's day. In the early afternoon of New Year's Eve, Leonard called at the Graeme house to say good-by to Margaret. He had hoped to spend his last evening with her, before starting on the journey. But there were still a dozen "lats things" to attend to before sailing; so he made his cell

the day, ad Margaret in the living-room of her father's home, waiting for him dered, with an eagerness she had not shown with an eagerness she had not shown toward his visits for many a long day.

For a moment he felt consciencestricken at thought of going away for a

stricken at thought of going away for a

Take it."

I mean that you seem to regaru an
engagement ring as a fetter, to make me
your slave, I refuse to wear fetters.

Take it."

"What is the wonderful news?" he asked gaily, masking his chagrin that ber greeting was so impersonal and that she had thought of going out on this

girl want to be any man's secretary—and deprive some needy girl of a good job.

And, who is 'Mr. Halloran?' " "Who is Mr. Halloran" she echoed, ig-

'Who is Andrew Carnegie?' Don't you read the papers at all? Or has that silly Brazil expedition taken up all your mind? Mr. Charles Morehouse Halloran, my isnorant friend, is the new district at-torney who was elected last November and who takes office tomorrow morning

"Oh!" grunted Leonard in disgust.

"Well?" she snapped. "You needn't speak of him as if he were an ashcart driver. He is one of the most brilliant driver. He is one of the most brilliant ory. The district attorney-elect was to criminal lawyers in America and everybody says he will be governor or United Halloran and she were planning to look States senator some day. He— the is one of the most unscrupulous on at the New Year's Eve revels in one of the big restaurants.

"He is one of the most unscrupulous and corrupt machine politicians in the city." contradicted Leonard. "And if he ever rises to a higher office, he'll get it in the same way and for the same purpose as he got the district attorneyand for graft"
so of him!" said the
Halloran 's a friend

girl, sharply. "Mr. Halloran 's a friend of mine, and of father's, too. And I wont hear him villified, even by you."

"He appreciates my ability and my ambitions for a career!" she hurried on, enthusiastically. "He is going to make

me his secretary, and to help me show what a woman can do when for once she "A fair chance for what?" demanded

Leonard, in some irritation. "To become the instrument of a social system that is so merciless and so unjust that it belongs in the Fifteenth century rather than in the Twentieth? Don't take up that sort of work, Margaret. Don't do it. It's not suited to any woman. Least of all to a woman who has been brought

"Isn't it?" she speered. "I suppose you have the fossil old idea that a woman's most precarious sort of a living.

home, I don't know where it is." he re-turned. "But I'm not insisting that women stay there. They have ventured into a thousand honorable fields of en-terior Drayton the district attorney isn't one of them. Certainly not for you, dear. You have no

"I have a right to do as I please." 'had a right to do as he pleased.'

left his money to charity instead of leaving it to the son he had never trained to not interested in your friend Ed-

"But I am," interrupted Leonard. "I'm so much interested in him that I'm going to take him on my Brazil trip as one of the him on my Brazil trip as one of my assistants. It will give him work and a livelihood and teach him to rough the assembling by assistants. It will give him work and a livelihood and teach him to form the last accepted it. I'm to meet him at Dories's at half past eleven tonight to five him his final instructions, and he had soesn't interest you," he fin
"But I am," interrupted Leonard. "I'm he was, which amounts to almost the same thing. But nine-tenths of their mutual love was on her side.

If he was, which amounts to almost the life. The overhearing of a lovers' quarged their mutual love was on her side.

The case itself semed clear enough. A didridge, precentor, and Louis Corning any harm And it may serve to make her see things differently."

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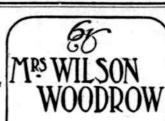
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AUTHOR OF "THE SIL VER BUTTERFLY," "SAL-LY SALT," "THE BLACK PEARL," ETC.

NOVELIZED FROM THE SE-RIES OF PHOTOPIAVS OF THE SAME NAME RELEASED BY PATHE EXCHANGE. (Copyright 1916, by Mrs. Wilms Wondows)

sails with me at 2 in the morning. I ished, noting her air of boredom. "But I'm telling it to you to show that if I out of my way to help a mere acuaintance like Edwin Martel, I'm willing to go 50 times deeper to help you out I'm telling it to you to show that if I go out of my way to help a mere ac to go 50 times deeper to help you out of the foolish mess you've got yourself into by this political job with Halloran." "You talk as if I weren't able to shape my own life," she snapped, vexed by his I— What's in the suitcase?" she broke manner, "as if I were some irresponsible child." A New child."

o you'by someone who has your welfare at heart. Margaret, I've seldom asked a | we get married?"

means my whole career."

"So does this secretaryship mean my whole career."

"Ed!" she insisted. "Something horrible has happened. I can tell from your face. What is it?"

"Why, I—"

"I will resign my leadership of the Brazil expedition. It is a bargain."

"You're—you're joking," she exclaimed, utterly taken aback.
"I am in earnest." he corrected. "It isn't a thing to joke about—the spoiling it." he said to where she stood. "Something back to where she stood. "Something horrible has happened. I can tell from your face. What is it?"

"Why, I—"

"If it's money," she intervened, "won't you let me help you out? I got a cheek to day for that Harding sketch and I'm ever so flush. I'd love to lend you all of it."

isn't a thing to joke about-the spoiling "Then why do it?"
"It seems the only way to save you

"It seems the only way to save you me have your money, from this crazy plan of yours."

"It is not!" she flamed. "And there is no way to turn me from this wonderful chance that has come to me. I'm not cash to start life square. I'll—"

"Expedition?" she echoed. "What ex
"Expedition?" she echoed. "What ex
Not represent the only way to save your money.

I'm not if I make good on this expedition the revolver. Else misunderstood—or affected to misunderstand—the movement. And she screamed:

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Not represent the normal pressive gesture of the hand that held the revolver. Else misunderstood—or affected to misunderstand—the movement. And she screamed:

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promise to a petty tyrant who would try to make a household drudge and a slave of me and strangle all my aspirations."

stricken at thought of going away of half year from a girl who seemed to love him so dearly. But Margaret's first words undeceived him.

"Congratulate me" she exclaimed ber anger With a childish, petulant gestern the string to the floor at words undeceived him.

"Congratulate me" she exclaimed.

"Tve just had the most wonderful bit of luck. I was afraid you wouldn't call before I had to go out. And I wanted to the first or cramp my life." she said hotty. The first occamp my life." she said hotty.

tries to cramp my life," she said hotly.
"That should be any self-respecting woman's answer to a man clip the wings of her spirit and tie her down to a home."

He made no move to pick up the ring

she had thought of going out on this last afternoon he could be with her. What has happened? Have they decided to admit you to the bar, after only seven months of law study? Or," a shade of hope in his voice, "have you decided to merry me today and come to Brazil to merry me today and come to Brazil glance so fiercely. Then he said. very with me?"

She took an impulsive step toward the I could get a moorway through which he had vanished.

doorway through which he had vanished. Pausing, she picked up the discarded ring and gazed wistfully at it. "Come back," she called softly. But John Leonard had passed out of hearing. And, realizing this, Margaret sank into a chair, burying her face in her

Little by little her remorse merged into resentment at the memory of Leonard's behavior. Then, by sheer will power she thrust Leonard himself from her mem-

It was to be a jolly evening, and Margaret was resolved to look her very pret-tiest, for the benefit of her new employer. add to a girl's attractiveness. So Mar-saret decided to do away with both these defects by putting Leonard out of

mind-for the present at least.
And, forcing herself to forget the scene that had just ended, she prepared (with what gay spirits she could summon up) for the New Year's Eve frolic.

"Edwin Martel," Leonard had once said, "is a living proof that luck is the very worst thing in the world-for the

fellow who hasn't got it."

And he was right. Born and brought in the world—"
"To help yourse goodly fortune, Martel found himself cast stone," you mean! goodly fortune, Martel found himself cast on the world at twenty-five, without a dollar, without a trade or profession or the habit of working for a livelihood, and with a set of expensive habits that "I'm not!" he denied wearily. "I'm do-

But the position of secretary to drict attorney isn't one of them, y not for you, dear. You have no but the aright to do an I block of all that had befallen Martel. She was a high-strung, lli-disciplined girl who had come to New York to study and the structure of the structure

looking Martel at sight, and had de-liberately set out to make him propose to her. As she was pretty and as he was young and lonely and susceptible, she had easily succeeded in this effort.

same time.
Accordingly, somewhat late in the even-

Elsie's tiny apartment was in a ramshackle building devoted to cheap ateliers and presided over by an ugly and elderly janitress, Mrs. Wiggs by name.

Mrs. Wiggs, from her own quarters at the end of the hall, heard Martel's footsteps on the stairs and peered out. See-ing Edwin halt at Elsie's door, she nodded and returned to her room. She knew of the engagement and was used o seeing Martel call at the girl's apart-

Elsie, recognizing the knock, came running to the door to admit her lover,

going to let New Year's Eve go by with-out coming to see me. I thought it out coming to see me. I thought meant you were getting tired of me.

"You are." he answered. "You're a child playing with toys you don't understand and whose danger must be shown "For both of us." he evaded. "You mean it's something for the house when

favor of you. But—dear, give up this silly ambition. Don't accept Halloran's offer. You can't realize what it—"
"I still seldomer ask a favor of you."

"I still seldomer ask a favor of you." "Not exactly," he said, finding it hard

offer. You can't realize when of you,"
I still seldomer ask a favor of you,"
she broke in ironically. "Give up this silly expedition to Brazil. Don't accept the Explorers' club offer."
"What?" he demanded, taken aback.
"You'd have me give up my Brazil trip?
"You'd have me give up my Brazil trip?
"I want to talk something over with you," he said, setting down the suit-you," he said, setting down the suit-you."

"Something head

offer and taking her in his arms as he spoke, "it's dear of you to want to let me have your money. But I haven't sunk He finished the sentence with an ex-

here in six months or so. And—"
"I don't think that's a very amusing joke, Ed." she interrupted. "It isn't nice to say things-even in fun-to frighten ome to say good-by. I'm to meet Leonard was due to meet Leonard ut Dorley's at half past eleven, to-" resta "Ed!" she eried, aghast. "You're not- tant.

"Ed!" she cried, aghast. "You're not—
you're not in earnest?"
"Yes," he told her. "And it's the chance of a lifetime. It'll mean we can marry much sooner than we thought we could. Perhaps as soon as I get back.
The salary—"
But the girl cut short his explanation.

The salary—"

To this saluting the beauty of my new secretary. He—"
Mrs. Wiggs, plowing her way, in flustered manner, through the crowd, flung herself at Patrolman O'Brien.

"Officer: she squalled. "There's been murder done back here, not two minutes waix of my new secretary. He—"
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He left the room and the house with out so much as a backward glance.

Margaret stared after him—at first in anger; then incredulously. Presently a we can be together again, and so that we can be together again, and so that we can marry. Why, as things are now we might have to wait for years before the could get a marrying job. And this look on the other side of it? It means purs an absence from you; but only so that her. It means pursuit.

"Don't be so absurd!" he commanded, his nerves raw. "You talk as if I were trying to get rid of you instead of-" 'And so you are! You are-' "Instead of going into exile and peril

and hardship for your sake! I came here to be strengthened and cheered for my arney. And instead you are taking the heart all out of me, by-"That's right!" she cried shakily

"Blame me! Desert me and then blame me for it! Oh, I wish I was dead! Ed Martel, if you loved me one atom you couldn't talk of going away from me

Lord preserve us from a woman who is determined to be a fool!" groaned Martel. "Elsie, for heaven's sake, pull yourself together and try to help me instead of being a millstone around my

"It's a millstone you're going to cast off," she scoffed tearfully, "so what dif-ference does it make?"

ference does it make?"
"I'm not casting you off," declared the
exasperated man. "I've tried to explain
for the last half hour that I'm going on this expedition only to help us get ahead in the world—"

"To help yourself get rid of a 'millstone,' you mean! You are deserting me. And you say as an excuse that it's for

and with a set of expensive habits that he could no longer gratify.

The man was strong, willing, eager to learn, But for lack of the right equipment, he was barely able to pick up the most precarious sort of a living.

The most in the most of the right equipment, he was barely able to pick up the most precarious sort of a living.

The not:

"I'm not:

In the most in the most of the most have the fossil old lead that a would be place is in the home?

The chance to go with Leonard to Brament? Oh, can't you be sensible for once, dear, and put your selfish wishes turned. "But I'm not insisting that of his resources, but he was also engaged."

The chance to go with Leonard to Brament? Oh, can't you be sensible for once, dear, and put your selfish wishes and your hysteria in second place and try to be an aid to me instead of a hin-

to—"
have a right to do as I please.'
ou have not," he denied. "No one
Edwin Martel's father thought he
a right to do as he pleased.' So he

She had failen in love with the goodShe h to marry me. And now you want to desert me. I'm going to hold you to your straight back to her."

Mrs. Wiggs, in her cubbyhole room at "But I am," interrupted Leonard. "I'm he was, while he mounts to almost the so much interested in him that I'm going same thing. But nine-tenths of their mute to take him on my Brazil trip as one of tual love was on her side.

Martel was in love with her—or thought old jaintress had few amusements in he was, while her or thought old jaintress had few amusements in any harm. And it may serve to make her see things differently."

See things differently."

"But I—"

Martel was in love with her—or thought old jaintress had few amusements in any harm. And it may serve to make her see things differently."

But I am," interrupted Leonard. "I'm he was, while he amounts to almost the life. The overhearing of a lovers' quarrent.

The later boat. A few days' delay won't do any harm. And it may serve to make her see things differently."

riage than his former prospects had warranted.

But the news must be broken to her
B

my absence to be marred by ugly mem- apartment. Accordingly, somewhat late in the evening, he left his own lodgings and suitcase in hand, set forth for the studio street in which Elsie Drayton lodged.

My assence to be marred by ugly heminated by ugly hemina due there in five minutes. I've overstayed my limit here. I'm sorry it's
been such a scene as this. Good-by.
Elsie. Try to think as kindly of me as
You can."

amaze. Then she saw the suit case and
the scattered clothes on the floor. And,
all at once she remembered.

The man she adored had deserted her—
had left her all alone in the world. And
she cried aloud in anguish and reswak.

He sprang to lift her to her feet, but the half-crazed girl thrust him

de, caught the words, and she thrilled with excitement. Apparently this was no mere quarrel, but a battle, "Don't be foolish, dear," pleaded Mar-

tel in a voice too low to reach beyond ily; the door. baby. It isn't worthy a g Get up and stop acting so. cranky baby Somewhat roughly he drew her to her feet; then turned to go. With a cry she flung herself upon the suitease. As he tugged to get it away from her the

catch slipped. The bag flew open and its contents rere scattered broadcast. Collars, shirts, inderclothes, brushes, neckties and coats strewed the floor. At Martel's feet tumbled a revolver that had been rolled up in his sweater at the bottom of the case. Elsie caught sight of the fallen weapon. Before Martel could stoop she had seized case in a corner of the room and coming it and was brandishing it above her

ou let me help you out? I got a check oday for that Harding sketch and I'm ver so flush. I'd love to lend you alf it."

Little girl." he said, touched at her ffer and taking her in his arms as he fer and taking her in his arms as he for the said. The said touched at her ffer and taking her in his arms as he her to the said taking her in his arms as he her to the said taking her in his arms as he her to the said taking her in his arms as he her to the said taking her in his arms as he her to the said to th

razil."
"To Brazil?" she gasped.
"Yes. We sail at 2 o'clock tomorrow was unheard by Martel through was unheard. With luck we ought to be back ere in six months or so. And—"
"Shoot me:" she was sobbing "I'd rather die than live. I swear I won't rather die than live. I swear it won't rather die than live.

rather die inan ise.
live if you leave me! I swear it."

The man looked hopeiessly at the Then his roving glance clock. The hands pointcopie. Especially people who love you."

"It isn't a joke," he said miserably. It's true. We sail at 2 o'clock. I've ed to 11:30—the very hour and minute he restaurant, a full ten minutes' walk dis-

But the girl cut short his explanation by throwing her arms about his neck and bursting into a spasm of uncontrolled weepnig. "Let go!"

pursuit. But her knees collapsed under her. Her overwrought brain gave way. She slumped to the floor in a dead faint. Mrs. Wiggs, in dread lest the entertaining quarrel should degenrate into a killcould get a marrying job. And this ing, had started toward her own room to put on her slippers and go forth thence trip will mean—"
"You shan't go;" she sobbed hysterically. "You shan't do it! You asked me
to marry you. You made me love. And
now you want to desert me!"

to put on her slippers and go forth thence
to summon aid. Thus she wholly missed
Martel's departure. Presently, returning
to Eisle's door, slippers in hand, she
listened again. Hearing no sound at all put on her slippers and go forth thence summon aid. Thus she wholly missed listened again. above the New Year's Eve din in the treets, se decided the quarrel had been natched up. So she tiptoed back to he

John Leonard, at a corner table in orley's, looked at his watch for the

tenth time. Martel was already 11 min-utes late for the appointment. "Eleven forty-one!" he murmured. "If this is a sample of Martel's efficiency I might better have picked out another assistant. He-"

Through the crowd of guests Edwin Martel thrust his way to Leonard's tae. 'I'm sorry to be so late," he apologized.

"Im sorry to be so late, he apologized, breathing heavily as if from a hard run. "I was detained. I went to say good-by to the girl I'm engaged to. She didn't want me to go. And—" want me to go. And—"
"You're a lucky man" commented
Leonard bitterly. "The girl I'm engaged

to was perfectly willing to have me go. Indeed, she hinted that she doesn't care if she never sees me again." sympathized Martel "Hard luck!" "But, at that, it's better than having one's sweetheart threaten to kill herself

cause one is going away.' "Did your sweetheart do that?" asked conard in wonder. "Lord, but I envy ou! Mine practically turned me out of her house and threw my ring at me. You don't know what a treasure you have. I'd give all my money to be in your oes-to have some woman really care because I'm going to leave her.'

have had Elsie spare me the scene I've just been through. Tears and reproaches aren't pleasant souvenirs to carry away on a long journey."
"Then why carry them with you?"

asked Leonard.
"What do you mean?"
"At the end there's really nothing way at voice has that, has everything. The man who "I'm not going to send you away at all!" shrilled Elsie, her high voice pitched almost in a scream. "I'm not going to let you leave me. You promised almost in a scream. The man who has that, has everything. The man who hasn't it, has nothing. There is a girl sobbing her heart out because you're

"Back to her?"
"Yes," said Leonard. "Go back to her. the far end of the hall, paused in her preparations for bed as the sound of the your can't, then wait and join me by a tearful, angry voice reached her. The

you can."

He picked up the suitcase. The frantic girl suddenly lost the last atom of her shaky self-control. Flying at him, she selzed the suitcase and tried to tear it away from him.

None too gently he pulled the suitcase away from her. She lost her balance, slipped on the polished floor and fell at full length. He sprang to lift her to her more eavesdropping.
Elsic's dilated eyes strayed from the

from her, shrieking:
"Don't! Don't! You're killing me!"

Mrs. Wiggs, hovering near the keyhampilght. It was Edwin Martel's revolver.

As though hypnotized by its glitter,

she continued to stare at it. Presently her hand went forward, almost stealth-ily; and her fingers closed around the "You are behaving like a pistol butt. Here, to her disorderd mind, y. It isn't worthy a grown was the full and final solution of her Martel had left her. And, in leaving,

he had taken away all that made life worth living. Perhaps when he should hear she was dead, he might be sorry. From the grave she could sting him with a barb of remorse. This was his own pistol, too-this pis-

tol whose muzzle felt so gratefully cool against her fever-hot flesh.
Elsie let herself play morbidly with the idea, as a child morbidly bites on a sore tooth. She knew little of firearms. But she had heard that if a trigger were

"Expedition?" she ecnoed. What was pedition?" Shoot me, then! Go ahead and shoot me. I've nothing to live for now."

"I'm at the end of my resources," he began. "You know that. I'm out of work and with no chance to get a job that will pay me a marrying salary."

"But—"

"But I have an offer," he hurried on. "An offer that will mean everything to me—to beth of us."

"But—"

"But I have an offer," he hurried on. "An offer that will mean everything to me—to beth of us."

And she screames.

"Shoot me, then! Go ahead and shoot me. I've nothing to live for now."

"In the studio street, a throng of revelers were making night hideous with the studio street. Horns, rattles, confetti, "licklers," cowbells, ticker-tape, and a dozen other temper-tape, and a dozen other temper-tape, and the peaked of the pocket of his coat. It was an old coat—note that will mean everything to me—to beth of us."

And the pocket into which he thrust the pocket into which he into the stop one with tolerant grin.

And the pocket into which he thrust the spectacle. A peg-post policeman looked on with tolerant grin.

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Shoot me. I've nothing to live for now."

In the studio street, a throng of revelence at the spectacle. A throng of revelence as the reduced.

In the studio street, a throng of revelence as the reduced."

John Leonard read the badly crumpled article with eyes abuge. He looked again at the date to have he were in evidence. A mimic battle had atticle with eyes abuge. He looked again at the date of the walk. Groups of bystanders, o

"An offer that will mean everything to me—to beth of us."

And the pocket into which he thrust the had once inadvertantly dropped a lighted clarecte. Almost the entire bottom of it was burned out.

"John Leonard has offered me a splendid salary and a chance for hig advance—if I'll join his expedition to Brazil."

One he had donned for shipboard wear. And the pocket into which he thrust the spectacle. A per-post policeman looked on with tolerant grin.

Suddenly, the policeman drew himself up and saluted, as a man and a woman in evening dress paused near him to watch the fun. Patrolman O'Brien had a new look of melancholy—almost of tell again to the floor. But this time it landed atop a cheap little fur rug whose Brazil."

Was Charles Morehouse Halloran.

Margaret Graeme sat in the library of her father's house. A book lay on the vith tolerant grin.

Suddenly, the policeman looked on with tolerant grin.

Suddenly the policeman looked on with tolerant grin.

Suddenly, the policeman looked "Margaret."
"But since you aren't content with me as I am." she raged on, "and since you was been as I am." she raged on, "and since you was been as I am." she raged on, "and since you had once many range out th."

"John Leonard has offered me a splenty was burned out the floor. But this time it landed atop a cheap little fur rug whose thickness deadened the fall, so that it landed atop a cheap little fur rug whose thickness deadened the fall, so that it landed atop a cheap little fur rug whose thickness deadened the fall, so that it landed atop a cheap little fur rug whose thickness deadened the fall, so that it landed atop a cheap little fur rug whose thickness deadened the fall, so that it landed atop a cheap little fur rug whose thickness deadened the fall, so that it landed atop a cheap little fur rug whose thickness deadened the fall, so that it landed atop a cheap little fur rug whose thickness deadened the fall, so that it landed atop a cheap little fur rug whose thickness deadened the fall, so that it landed atop a cheap little fur rug whose thickness deadened the fall was unheard by Martel through the reservance.

"John Leonard has offered me a splential was burned out the entire bottom of it was burned out in evening dress paused near him to make the fun. Patrolman O'Brien had a new look of melancholy—almost of watch the fun. Patrolman O'Brien had a new look of melancholy—almost of watch the fun. Patrolman O'Brien had a new look of melancholy—almost of watch the fun. Patrolman O'Brien had a new look of melancholy—almost of the fun. Patrolman O'Brien had a new look of melancholy—almost of watch the fun. Patrolman O'Brien had a new look of melancholy—almost of the fun. Patrolman O'Brien had a new look of melancholy—almost of the fun. Patrolman O'Brien had a new look of melancholy—almost of the fun. Patrolman O'Brien had a new look of melancholy—almost of the fun. Patrolman O'Brien had a new look of melancholy—almost of the fun. Patrolman O'Brien had a new look of melancholy—almost of the fun. Patrolman

"You see," whispered Margaret, "Already you're famous. A year ago, that
bluecoat would have ordered you to move
on. Now, he salutes you as if you were
the President."
"Perhaps," gallantly suggested Halloran, "he is saluting the beauty of my
new secretary. He—"
Mrs. Wiggs, plowing her way, in first the salution of the salution of

ince! Come quick!"
"Murder?" repeated O'Brien, "Where?
"Nho?"
"Back at the studio buildin.' You know
the place. Miss Elsie Drayton, one of
the place of the place he pleaded. "Oh, don't be the place. Miss Elsie Drayton, one of

secretary."
'Of course, I don't mind," she assured him, excited at the prospect, "and I can

be of help by taking notes for you. Oh, why can't we move faster? We're simply crawling."

his knees beside the dead woman. Her body was still warm. He got to his feet and stared dumbly at her. Scarce know-ing what he did, he picked up the revolver—and recognized it as his own.
Out into the hallway he reeled, with
some vague idea of shouting for help.
But horror had, for a moment, stricken him dumb. Scarcely had he started down the passage when he saw several people hurrying toward him from the head of the stairs. One of them was a policeman Martel darted back into the room, to

show them the way.
Turning, just inside the doorway, he faced the policeman who had entered at his heels. The overzealous officer, at his heels. The overzealous officer, anxious to show off his prowess to the new district attorney, leaped at Martel and grappled with him.

The tenth annual commencement exercises of the Washinton College of Music took place Tuesday afternoon with the Release Tuesday afternoon

Martel, utterly taken back, instinctive- at the Belasco Theater. ty defended himself, but a blow from the stage was a picture with its the policeman's nightstick knocked him deep border of red and white flowers senseless.

minutes after the commission of the of the crime, and had been present at the prisoner's arrest, but he had personally been of the stage.

And scanning the smudged inner sheets. Leonard came across a headline which Op. 22 caught and riveted his horrified atten-

tion. The headline was:
MARTEL CONDEMNED TO DIE.

Slayer of Elsie Drayton Sentenced to Electric Chair. the following abridged item:
"Edwin A. Martel was yesterday sen-

hall outside of the victim's apartment. No. 1, Moszkowski, in excellent style. "She heard Miss Drayton call out in lerror: 'Don't! You're killing me!' and afterward heard her cry defiantly, 'Shoot tions.

really noteworthy aid in building up the playing tion. Her technique, interpretation impregnable structure of evidence tion. Her technique, interpretation and feeling showed great talent and feeling showed great talent and

take office tomorrow.

Halloran, still new enough to police deference to be gratified by it, returned the salute.

"You see." whispered Margaret, "Al"You see." whispered Margaret, "Al"You see." whispered Margaret, "Al"I am too late. My cablegram was detook with the salute.

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with me?"

"Neither of those miracles has happened," she told him. "But something better than either or both of that."

"I am going now. You will not hear that you are going away to leave me all alone. For more than half a year, and in perplexity. "But it doesn't make secretary." Think of that."

"I' wouldn't let go." she panted. dizzy with the strain of her emotions. "I wouldn't let you go, either. I—"

"I' wouldn't let go." she panted. dizzy with the strain of her emotions. "I won't let go." she panted. dizzy with the strain of her emotions. "I won't let go." she panted. dizzy with the strain of her emotions. "I won't let you go, either. I—"

"I' won't let go." she panted. dizzy with the strain of her emotions. "I will the strain of her e that hemmed in so thightly.

"Way, there!" he beliewed, trying to make himself heard above the din of cowbell, horn, and rattle. "Let us through!"

"Officer!" spoke Halloran, at his side, "take this young lady and myself with you. It is midnight; and my official dutles can begin with the first murder of the new year."

"Certainly, sir.' agreed O'Brien, convoying them slowly through the pack of people. "Come along if you like."

"Do you mind?" Halloran asked Margaret Graeme. "You know you must get used to such things, if you are to be such things the people with the first murder of the new young unit such legal delays are for rich men. Mr. Halloran said: Reperieve and said: Reperieve and

get used to such things, if you are to be had money enough, he could have gotten a delay until I came home. As he didn't -the law took its course. The law that

-the law took its course. The law that you gave me up for. The law whose study you preferred to the honored position of wife and mother."

"Oh, John!" she wept. "I have sinned!

I have sinned horribly. But I've paid.

"You're lucky we can move at all, miss, said the policeman, over his shoulder, "in a mob like this."

Five minutes later, Martel entered Elsion Drayton's studio. On the floor, under the dim-turned light, lay the body of the girl from whom he had parted a bare half hour before. Near-by gleamed the avolver.

Like granite his face was set, as he gazed coldly down into her imploring eyes. Then—between him and the woman who so vainly entreated his forgiveness and love—a shadow seemed to filt. The wartel. And the and love—a shadow seemed to flit, shadow of Edwin Martel. And shadowy lips seemed, to Leonard's ex-cited fancy, to murmur: "Forgive as you hope to be forgiven.

f I can forgive her, cannot you? Involuntarily, Leonard's sternly folded arms opened. And the girl he loved crept (End of Eighth Story.)

# **MUSIC AND MUSICIANS**

Washington College of Music.

He came to himself in station house ferns. The entire college orchestra. He came to himself in station house cell. Next morning he faced a charge of murder.

The public agreed that Halloran began his official duties as district attorney between the Martel case. Not only had he visited the scene of the murder within ten minutes after the commission of the angle of the scene of the murder within ten minutes after the commission of the scene of the murder within ten minutes after the commission of the scene of the murder within ten president; Mrs. Oldberg, Mr. Christiani minutes after the commission of the scene of the murder within ten president; Mrs. Oldberg, Mr. Christiani minutes after the commission of the scene of the murder within ten president; Mrs. Oldberg, Mr. Christiani minutes after the commission of the scene of the murder within ten president may be a scene of the murder within ten president may

minutes after the commission of the and Mr. Faul, were seated at the rear crime, and had been present at the prisoner's arrest, but he had personally handled every detail of the prosecution.

Moreover, he was aided, most intelli
Moreover, he was aide

Handel. Handel. George Thompson "Andante Spianato and Pol played and Polonaise, 2. Chopin, with beautiful tech-jue. This was followed by an orchestra number, Symphony "Unfinished" by Schubert. Miss Berg-mann sang "Elsa's Dream," Wagner, and "The Vain Suit," Brahms with fine Followed a New York "date line" and interpretation. Miss Haur, the one violin graduate, played very credi-tably, Concerto Op. 28, Sixt, showing

"Edwin A. Martel was yesterday sentenced by Judge Hinkle to die in the electric chair during the week of March 30, for the murder of his sweetheart, Elsie Drayton, an artist.

"Martel was engaged to be married to Miss Drayton. On the evening of December 31 he called on her, alledgedly to say good-by before starting for Brazil on the Leonard expedition. Mrs. Wiggs, janitress of the studio building in which Miss Drayton lived, heard the sounds of violent quarreling as she passed along the hall outside of the victim's apartment.

"She heard Miss Drayton call out in Mrs. Concerto Op. 28, Sixt, showing to do tone and technique.

Miss Gladding followed with the Saint-Saens Concerto, Op. 22. Her work in this number showed that she fully deserved her artist's diploma. Mrs. J. J. Toula, one of Mr. Paul's pupils not taking a diploma sang "Yon Ewiger Liebe," by Brahms. Mrs. Toula has appeared before at one of the college pupils' concerts this winger. Her pure contrality voice is most pleasing. Miss Quisenberry played Valse Op. 34, No. 1, Moszkowski, in excellent style.

"Mrs. Carter, the only graduate in the

me: Go ahead and shoot me: Half an hour later, Mrs. Wiggs, in her own room, heard a plercing scream, followed almost at once by a pistol shot.

"Rushing out into the street to sum
"Rushing out into the street to sum-"Rushing out into the street to summon help, she returned presently with Patrolman O'Brien, just as Martel, pistol in hand, was making his escape. At slight of the policeman, Martel ran back into the room. O'Brien followed him and, after a fierce struggle, succeeded in overcoming the murderer.

"Martel's defence, oddly enough, was an alibi. It is established that the shooting occurred precisely on the stroke of midnight. Martel admitted visiting Miss Drayton on that evening, but declared he left her apartment at 11:40 and did not return until 12:10. He said he spent the intervening time at Dorley's restaurant of Mr. Christiani, and an under grad-

intervening time at Doriey's restaurant of Mr. Christiani, and an under grad-with John Leonard and that he was tak-ing his leave of Leonard as the clock struck 12.

Master Harry Waller, a violin pupil of Mr. Christiani, and an under grad-uate in the college, played "Caprice Viennois" by Kreisler and Obertass struck 12. she had heard that if a trigger were pressed hard enough—

"If you don't promise not to desert me—" she began.

"Drop that thing, you little idiot" he growled, catching her wrist in both hands and, by a quick wrench, disarming her. "Heroics and hysterics don't mix well with firearms. It serves me right for packing thet pistol at all. I would have left it behind, but my father gave it to me and had my name carved on the butt. I don't believe in carrying weapons, And when a daffy girl gets hold of them—"

He finished the sentence with an expressive gesture of the hand that held the revolver. Elsie misunderstond—or affected to misunderstand—the movement. And she screamed:

"She had heard that if a trigger were pressed hard enough—

She did not know just how hard one struck 12.

She did not know just how hard one struck 12.

She did not know just how hard one struck 12.

She did not know just how hard one struck 12.

She did not know just how hard one struck 12.

She did not know just how hard one struck 12.

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She did not know just how hard one struck 12.

She did not know just how hard one struck 12.

She did not know just how hard one struck 12.

She did not know just how hard one struck 12.

She did not know just how hard one of Leonard as the clock grow in the struck 12.

"Mr. Leonard salled for Barzil at two donescastic his tussle with the monstile treatered to struck 12.

"Mr. Leonard salled for Barzil at two donescastic his tussle with the time onsciousness after his tussle with the monstile proved the recovered approach the trigger.

Three was a fiash—a roar that revertant trevertant on the morning, before Martel recovered on sciousness after his tussle with the colcum All efforts, by the prisoner's attorneys, to locate Mr. Leonard as the clock 12.

"Mr. Leonard as the clock 12.

"Mr. Leonard as the clock 12.

"Mr. Leonard

might very possing part of the case in the first of the case of carnage.

So she fled down the passageway and down the stairs and out into the midnight city.

The studio street a throng of review of evidence into the case of the case a promise of a successful musical future. Mrs. Roberts sang "Pleasant Cradle Song." Moussorgsky. The program was concluded with the "Three Dances from Henry VIII." by the orchestra. Mrs. Oldberg and Mr. George Thompson played the accompaniments.

In the evening a reception and dance was given at Rauscher's. The ball-rooms were handsomely decorated with American flags and palms. Among the large gathering of friends of the grad-uates was Miss Margaret Wilson and a party of her friends, who enjoyed the dancing for more than two hours

Miss Helen Woods Gantt, who conducts a studio on Capitol Hill, has pub-lished a new waitz of her own composition, entitled Valse Yvette. The piece has been orchestrated by Mr. Henry Smith, leader of the Poli orchestra, and is on the program at that playhouse

## this week.

Vincent Gives Recital. A plano recital was given Saturday evening at Mt. Pleasant Congregational Church by Clarence Vincent to a large number of personal friends. He was presented by Miss Helen Parrington, a graduate of the McReynolds schools of this city, and a pupil of Prof. Malek, of Chicago. The rendition of the following numbers was given with grace and pro ficiency: Menuetto in B Minor, bert; Aragonaise, Massenet, Consol and Hunting Song, Mendelssohn; Mazurke, Saint Saens; Minuet, Bach-MacDowell; Prelude in C Minor, and Mazurka in B Flat, Chopin; Crescendo, Lasson; Funeral March, Chopin; Fruhlingsrauschen, Sinding. Miss Helen Mac-Leod-Clift, contralto, sang several popular selections in her usual manner. She was accompanied pastor of Mt. Pleasant Congregational Church. He graduated from Central High School of this city in the class

tor Beauchamp and Leon Robbins; Wayside Rose, Miss Kate Rosenbloom; Overture, Poct and Peasant, Master Leon
Robbins; Scotch Dance, Fred Heller;
The Bells, Miss Elsie White; Tarvantella,
Miss Ruth Nichelson; Violin Solo, Berceause, Master Jerome Krick; accompanist, Miss Rose Krick; Sequedella,
Miss Mildred Hartman; Hide and Seek, Master Morris Robin; Melody of Love, Miss Opal Horton; The Butterfly, Miss Midred Pimes: Liebestraum, Miss Eleanor North; Valse Arabesque, Miss Lillian Hayden: Polonaise in A. Mr. Leslie Duffy; Voice of Morning, Miss Florence Walter: Paraphrasc Brilliant (Oberon), Miss Marie VanHorn; Silver Nymph, Miss Irma Brown: Gypsy Dance, Master Herald Luber; Exhibition Dano-ing, Morris and Lillian Robins.

## Comstock Gives Recital.

Oscar Franklin Comstock gave his closing recital Tuesday night in his studio, disclosing some fine voices, well-trained and excellent interpretations. cycle, which is full of humor and difficult, was particularly enjoyable because of the very distinct enunciation of all the sing-ers. The complete program was as fol-

lows: Giuseppeverdi-Ella giammai M'amq (Don Carlos) Harry M. Forker: Wolf-gang A. Mozart - Rondo from D gang A. of Faelton Pian School; second piano, Mr. Comstock; Charles W. Cadman-A Song of Knighthood; Wilfred Sanderson-Love's Journey, James P. Schick; Alfred R. Gaul-Eye Hath Not Seen (The Holy Frances Wyman-Evening Hymn, Miss Mary I. E. Hartley: Howard Fisher-Look Down Dear Eyes; James G. Mc-Dermid-If I Knew You and You Knew Me; Oley Speaks-Life; Thomas A. Arne-The Pretty Creature, Harry and Liza Lehman-Alice in Wonderland (song Walter Chamblin, Mrs.

moreover, ne was aided, most intelled offered a short invocation, and S. M. arranged for the Church of the Covenant gently, by a young society woman, Miss Fabian presented the diplomas as fol-this evening, the program to be given by Mrs. Edith Marmion Brosius, ed as his personal secretary, and who, it was said, worked day and night in perfecting the case against Elsie Drayton's slayer.

The case itself semed clear enough A er's certificate. Florence Emily Quiss Special Programs as followed by Mrs. Edith Marmion Brosius, harpist; Mrs. F. N. Howard, soprano; the case itself semed clear enough A er's certificate. Florence Emily Quiss Special Programs becomes at 1.45.